

44th-st., waiting for a fare, and young Arlington blew round the corner from Jack's.

"Now I wouldn't want to say Paul Arlington was soused, exactly. That's an ugly word for a gent like him. But you might say he was—well, glorified like, exhilarated, transmogrified—I don't know what you'd call it. I never had fifteen thousand dollars between me and working for a living, and I ain't sure how it feels; but Paul was happy, there was no doubt about that. His hat was dented in, and his collar was marked all over '6 to 4,' and he was singing his Harvard lay to the tune of 'Three Blind Mice':

"Yale is dead, Yale is dead, Yale is dead,  
Eli said, Eli said, Eli said!  
'They might grow crimson, but we'd grow blue!'  
They gobbled our money at five to two!  
We let them have it, then what did we do?  
Yale is dead!

"You know the Friars? It's mostly a press agents' club; theatrical men, anyway. Well, Johnny Hobbs of the Hippodrome was just coming out the door with Nat Goodwin and a bunch of actors. Arlington recognized the big chap; so he came up and slapped him on the back and said:

"Hello, Nat, how are you?"  
"Goodwin beamed. 'Why, I'm a hygienic dream!' he said.

"Yale's dead!" says Paul.  
"Then you ought to give her a first class funeral," says Nat Goodwin. "None of these cloth covered pine boxes with two hacks at eighty-five dollars—you ought to have at least twenty-seven carriages and a band."

"By the jumping John Harvard, I will!" says Arlington. "But not twenty-seven hacks,—twenty-seven hearses—and then some!"

"Nat walked away with his bunch, laughing. Paul Arlington stood thinking it out. Johnny Hobbs looked him over thoughtfully.

"D'you mean it?" he asked. "If you do, I got an idea."

"Do I mean it! Ain't I alone in a great city after the first time we've busted into Yale in nine years? I'm certainly going to celebrate, if it costs me my inheritance!" And Arlington pulls a roll of yellowbacks out of his hip pocket and shows enough money to make Johnny Hobbs fairly sick.

"You come right in here," says Johnny. "I'll fix you for fair! Wait till I get to the telephone, and I'll have all the dead wagons in New York here in half an hour. You won't have to celebrate alone, either. I'll present you to the smashingest little brunette in town, and if she don't drive that Yale hearse for you, she'll never get another engagement on the stage while I'm alive!"

"With that he pulls Arlington into the Friars. My fare come out just then, and I clocked him to the Astor Hotel.

WELL, just as I was pocketing my tip, this young Fryburg chap come by with a bunch of men with Yale flags, all as sizzly as skyrockets.

"Ever heard of Montrose Fryburg? Why, old President Fryburg's son, you know, the N. Y. & P. R. R. man, the man they used to call 'Gold Socks' Fryburg after he cornered that Western timber pool. The old man had money enough to wrap up the Metropolitan Tower in and tie it with gold string, and he never was stingy with Montrose. It was him give Yale that big Ancient History Building in his Freshman year. That's why he never got fired, although he certainly was some lively round about New Haven.

"Well, as I was saying, young Fryburg come up to me (I'd driven him all over town; once I took him to Richmond, Virginia, in my cab on a bet), and he says, 'Hello, Squash!' (The fellows call me that because I like squash pie with a layer of red pepper on top of it.) 'What in the name of Eli are you driving a red taxi for? I thought you were a good Yale man.'

"I hear Yale's dead," says I, grinning.

"You yellow-eyed clockwork crook," he says, "for two cents I'd drown you in cylinder oil! Who told you that?"

"I got it from Paul Arlington," I says, "and what's more he's going to give Eli a funeral in New York right away tonight."

"Is that right," he says, "honest?"

"I told him what I'd heard in front of the Friars, and he called after his gang to come back and hear. When I gave them the tale they yelled like Comanches.

"Get into here," says Fryburg, and he gets up side of me and the rest pile into the back, and I took 'em round to the front of the Astor.

"There Fryburg got out and ran up to the cab starter. 'Order all the taxicabs you can get!' he says.

The starter was staggered. 'What d'you mean, Sir?' he says. 'How many do you need?'

"Anything up to a hundred—and have 'em here in half an hour round the corner!" says Fryburg.

"Then he comes up to me and asks me who is the press agent for the Metropolitan Theater. I told him it was Abey Moonstone, and we started to look him up.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I'm going to bust up that funeral," he says, "if it costs me my degree!" And I knew he meant it.

WELL, it didn't take us long to find Abey at the Knickerbocker bar, and it didn't take Abey long to see what the 'e' was in it for him and the Metropolitan Theater. He hurried out and rung up Ruby Diamond, his first-prize showgirl, and by the time we got round to the Woodstock Hotel where she lived she was ready for us in a pale blue, slippery, skin-tight dress and a millionaire hat. The rest was jewelry and ermine. Say, you've seen Ruby Diamond—no man can look on her and live! She's the ultimate peach! Abey introduced the two principals of the Antifuneral Crusade, and we proceeded to get out and look for a band.

"Well, there wasn't a blessed band we could get—Arlington had caught the only one for sale, coming home from a Schützenverein hullabaloo, and we was up against it good.

"Say," says Ruby, "what's the matter with a Salvation Army band? They make a whole lot of noise, and they wear blue."

"You can't get 'em," I says.

"I'll endow a hospital!" says Fryburg. "I'll give 'em a million new uniforms! I'll put up for the Christmas dinner for all the bums east of the Alleghenies! You drive down to the headquarters, and I'll fix the Commander in Chief if I have to deposit my gold bearing



There Was No Doubt That It Was Flint.

bonds! I'm going to have a female band in blue, or I'll eat it! 'Rah for Yale!'

"So we clocks down to see the General. I never heard what it cost young Fryburg. They must have taxed him something savage; but he got three bands. They was on their way to the big Thanksgiving Day free feed, and was ordered to meet us right away at the Flatiron Building.

"When we got back to the Astor we found a procession of taxicabs about three-quarters of a mile long, waiting. There was red, green, yellow, and black cars, and a Yale man in each. Moreover, about everyone of 'em had a chorus girl out of the Metropolitan,—'The Curly Girlies' was running 'em,—and the crowd was beginning to gather something mighty plenty. The traffic cops was near crazy.

"I took the head of the line and led the string down Eighth-ave. and across 22d to where the three bands were waiting; then we set out looking for Arlington's funeral and trouble. Our scouts had come in and located a line of about thirty-three hearses forming on Second-ave. and 34th-st. Anyone who had any sense could be sure that that procession would head straight for Times Square. Paul Arlington was no yap, and we were sure he'd calculate to hit the middle of New York city good and hard—before he got pulled. So Montrose Fryburg give the word to steer up Broadway. The Salvation lassies struck up one of their catchiest hymns, and off we went.

"There was some good yelling when we struck the Great White Way, and you needn't think we didn't draw a crowd! It was about half-past seven by this time, and the Tenderloin was beginning to get busy. At 24th-st. we formed in line two abreast, and the cornets switched to 'Onward, Christian Soldiers!' It was going fine. The cops couldn't stop the Salvation Army, because they had permits, and as for the taxis—ain't they got a right to the street?

It was smooth sailing till we got to 42d-st. and we sighted the funeral. There it was, held up east of Broadway, with the Schützen band playing the Dead March in Saul and a row of hearses as far as the eye could reach, and a crowd running up and growing bigger every minute.

"And what d'you think? Driving every hearse was a Hippodrome chorus girl in evening dress! Johnny

Hobbs had certainly done it well. Abey Moonstone was wild.

"Our fares give the Yale yell, and it was answered by Harvard 'Rahs!' from the Hippodrome girls. Arlington stood up and began to sing 'Yale is dead!'—and then they got the traffic cop's whistle to hurry across Broadway.

"On they come. It was so funny you wanted to cry. By this time they was a million people spilled around there—and some fool pulled the fire alarm just to help it along.

"Now, whether the traffic cop at the corner got rattled and really blew his 'Come on!' whistle, or whether it was a riot call or something, I never knew. The cop denied it. Anyway, we all heard a whistle, and young Fryburg yells to me:

"By the seven pink Salamanders of Shiraz, Squash, go at 'em! If you'll bust that Harvard guy's hearse I'll give you a hundred dollars and go bail!"

"I turned back and waved to the line. 'Come on!' I says, and on we went. There was a yell from the mob you could have heard to the Flatiron, and I charged for Arlington's hearse. I caught his high hind wheel and busted it right to smithereens. Then a mounted cop galloped up and got me.

"Well, it sure was funny! The hearse keeled over on the hubs and spilled out Arlington and Millie St. Valentine. They jumped just in time and landed on their feet. And in less than two minutes the place was so tangled up with hearses and taxicabs and Schützenvereins and Salvationists that you couldn't tell which was which. The crowd swarmed into the mess like flies, and then come the fire engines, two steamers from each point of the compass, and after them the ladder trucks and the water tower, and then two patrol wagons full of reserves. The police got busy.

WELL, I was taken to the station about that time, and so I missed it. But I got the story from Millie St. Valentine.

"The minute Paul Arlington struck the ground he seemed to come to and wake up to the fact that he'd got in bad. 'By Jupiter!' he says to Millie, 'this is going to cost me about four million dollars!'

"Oh, it ain't so bad as all that," says Millie. "It'll probably be only 'ten dollars or ten days.'"

"Don't you believe it!" says Paul. "I know better. Why, I'm ruined! We've got to beat it!"

"Millie said she thought he was a piker for fair, then—she didn't have any idea that he'd more'n just got cold feet.

"He took her hand and ducked through the crowd with her and rushed her into Rector's. Then she found out what he was worrying about.

"It seems young Arlington had been in hot water before, and his folks was sore. He'd been featured in the police

news in Boston papers so often, in fact, that his old man had give it to him straight that if it ever happened again he'd disinherit him.

"See how it was? Paul had already kicked up a row that would make more talk on Broadway than anything that had happened since the Dewey parade. The morning papers would be full of it—he could just see the scareheads, 'Young Millionaire Plays Ghastly Joke on the Rialto'—and all like that.

"Millie kind of felt for him. Paul was a nice boy, and she liked him. So she said, 'Well, the only thing to do is to fix the papers; but it'll cost a lot of money.'

"I don't care if it costs two hundred thousand," says Arlington, 'it'll be cheap at the price. Will you come with me, O Queen?'

"She said she would.

WELL, if you know anything about city editors, you can imagine what happened. The minute they see the girl it was all off, and the more money Paul offered the more stubborn they got. What! kill a story like that—son of a millionaire and the prettiest brunette in N. Y. C? Not much! Look at the pictures! Look at the society slush they could throw in! Think of the 'well known clubman' stuff and the 'strikingly beautiful brunette'! It was too good to keep back. Paul Arlington was no sooner out of the office with his grouch than the city editor was telephoning to the police stations, ordering photographs, and sending for his star reporter. That was the tale all over town. Arlington was perfectly sick.

"Well, he took Millie home, and she tried to jolly him up; but it was no use. He figured that he was out three millions at least by his folly, and he left her reception room talking a lot about suicide. Millie allows she was pretty badly scared.

"Well, of course all this time Johnny Hobbs had been good and busy. He 'phoned in the story as 'a friend of the paper' to every city editor, he sent about a thousand photographs of Millie down town by messengers, and waylaid the 'Ten o'Clock Club'—the theater details from the papers. He tipped them off with all sorts of fancy details he'd doped up, and then he went to bed happy. So did Abey Moonstone, who'd been on the same job with three stenographers.

"Of course that was what saved Arlington—them

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